

WORLD'S DOINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume of General News From All Around the Earth.

UNIVERSAL HAPPENINGS IN A NUTSHELL

Live News Items of All Nations and Pacific Northwest Condensed for Our Busy Readers.

Use of shells in the European war exceeds all records.

London has reports of a decided victory over the Turks in Asia.

Two Federal inquiries have begun in the steamer Eastland case in Chicago.

A Belgian steamer and a Swedish brig were torpedoed by submarines Friday.

The French chamber of deputies has increased the limit of the French defense bonds to \$1,400,000,000.

American imports from Germany have decreased within the past year from \$14,994,585 to \$1,153,257.

A spot six times as large as the earth has appeared on the sun, and will be visible until August 10.

The majority of Spaniards are declared to favor the allies, but to be determined to keep out of the war.

British authorities have arrested a German for landing in England with a cleverly forged American passport.

English soldiers have uncovered ancient Greek relics of great value while digging trenches at the Dardanelles.

A Portland Chinese was arrested by customs officials with 26 pounds of crude opium concealed in a basket of vegetables.

Another fine of \$1,000,000 has been imposed upon the city of Brussels by the Germans, as a reprisal for the destruction of a Zeppelin by allied airmen.

One hundred deaf mutes saw the scenic beauties of Portland while attending their national convention, and "heard" everything explained by deaf mute "spielers."

A shortage of between \$2500 and \$3000 in the treasurer's office in Spokane has been discovered, and two employes have been suspended pending further investigation.

Michael Dampffoffer, Jr., aged 70, of Vancouver, Wash., is dead, and is survived by his father, aged 100 last January. Both were Grand Army veterans and fought shoulder to shoulder in the First Oregon Volunteers.

Charles F. Becker, former police lieutenant of New York City, was electrocuted Friday morning for the murder of Herman Rosenthal, a gambler, on July 16, 1912. He protested and declared his innocence to the last.

Vacating his own court order made earlier in the day, Judge McAllister, of the Superior court of Arizona, granted an appeal to the State Supreme court in the case of four Mexicans sentenced to be hanged at Florence penitentiary.

The evacuation of all of Poland by the Russian forces is considered certain, and the Kaiser with his queen plans to enter Warsaw in state. The empress is already in Russia on a visit to the headquarters of Field Marshal Von Hindenberg's army.

Eight miners are killed in a mine explosion at Christopher, Ill.

Reports say that the Russians have materially checked the advance of the Germans on Warsaw.

Fishing smacks are seriously hindered in the war zone because of the German submarine warfare.

About a dozen bombs were dropped in Verona, Italy, by an Austrian aeroplane. There were no victims of the air attack and the damage done to property was insignificant.

Evidence offered before the coroner's jury in the case of the overturning of the excursion steamer in Chicago river, shows the boat was overloaded, and the water ballast pumped out to keep the vessel from scraping the bottom.

Officials of the Navy and Army departments have begun a series of conferences which will have to do with the betterment of National defense. Findings of the conferences will be presented to President Wilson.

The temperature rose to 90 degrees in the shade at Seward, Alaska, and it was 103 at Kenai Lake. There have been only four rainy days in two months. Several fires are burning in the Sugah forest east of Anchorage.

Japan wireless station succeeds in communicating with the station in Hawaii, a distance of 3380 miles.

French take important position on top of high mountain in the Alsace district after fierce bombardment.

Charging that she had been defrauded of \$10,000 in a stock deal, and that she had been beaten and injured and falsely arrested when she tried to get her money back, Mrs. Bertha M. Leland, a former restaurant cashier, files suit aggregating \$100,000 against Frank Rockefeller, brother of the "oil king."

NORTHWEST MARKET REPORTS; GENERAL CROP CONDITIONS

Portland—Wheat—Bluestem, 93c bushel; fortyfold, 90c; club, 88c; red Fife, 83c; red Russian, 80c.
Oats—No. 1 white feed, \$24.
Barley—No. 1 feed, \$23.50; bran, \$23.50; shorts, \$23.50.
Millfeed—Spot prices: Bran, \$27 ton; shorts, \$28; rolled barley, \$27.50 @28.50.

Corn—Whole, \$37 ton; cracked, \$38.
Hay—Eastern Oregon timothy, \$16 @17; valley timothy, \$15; alfalfa, \$12.50@13.50.

Vegetables—Cucumbers, Oregon, 30 @50c dozen; artichokes, 90c; tomatoes, 75c@1 box; cabbage, 1@1 1/2 pound; head lettuce, \$1 crate; beans, 2 1/2@4c pound; green corn, 20c dozen.
Green Fruits—Cantaloupes, \$1.50@2.50 crate; apricots, 90c@1 box; peaches, 50@75c; watermelons, 1 1/2@2c pound; plums, 50@75c box; new apples, \$1.25 @ 1.50; pears, \$1.75@2; grapes, \$1.50@2.50 crate.
Potatoes—New, 1c pound.
Onions—\$1@1.25 sack.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, buying prices: No. 1, 23@24c; No. 2, 20c; No. 3, 16c. Jobbing prices: No. 1, 26c.

Poultry—Hens, 12 1/2@13 1/2; springs, 17@18c; turkeys, 19@20c; ducks, 10 @12c; geese, 8@10c.

Butter—City creamery, cubes, extras, 28c; firsts, 26c; seconds, 25c; prints and cartons, extra; butter fat, No. 1, 29c; second grade, 2c less; country creamery cubes, 20@24c.

Veal—Fancy, 12c pound.

Pork—Block, 9 1/2@10c pound.
Hops—1915 contracts, 13 1/2; 1915 fuggles, 15c; 1914 crop, 12 1/2c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, medium, 25 @28c; Eastern Oregon, fine, 18 @ 21c; valley, 26@30c; mohair, new clip, 30@31c.

Cascara bark—Old and new, 4c per pound.

Cattle—Best steers, \$6.50@7; good, \$6.25@6.50; medium, \$6@6.25; choice cows, \$5.35 @ 5.50; heifers, \$4.75 @ 6.50; bulls, \$3.50@5; stags, \$5@6.25.

Hogs—Light, \$7@7.35; heavy, \$6 @ 6.50.

Sheep—Wethers, \$4.75@5.50; ewes, \$3@4.50; lambs, \$5@6.50.

Run of Salmon Is Best.
The market for Columbia River canned salmon is quiet. When the rate to Mississippi Valley and Ohio Valley points was reduced from 70 to 60 cents it was expected that an active buying movement would develop, but it has not materialized yet. A few of the packers have booked limited orders, but the others are waiting, and in the meantime the canneries are filling with packed fish.

Opening prices are being maintained all along the line and no disposition is shown to shade quotations. The opinion prevails that buyers will sooner or later come in and that if the packers keep their nerve they will get the prices.
The pack of good salmon on the Sound and in Alaska is short. This is not the sockeye year on the Sound and the output will probably not be over 100,000 cases, while Alaska reds are 10 to 20 per cent short. There will be plenty of cheap fish, however.

Packers on the river think that by holding on the later months of the year will see a good demand for fancy salmon. Should the war be brought to an end, Germany, in their opinion, would quickly take all the fish available.
Embargo on Burlap Shipments.
Confirmation of the cable advises that an embargo had been placed on shipment of burlap from Calcutta have been received in the bag and burlap trade. Although definite information was lacking as to how sweeping the order was, the consensus of opinion was that exports would be restricted in the same way as shipments from Dundee.

Responsible shippers are not expected to encounter any difficulty in obtaining licenses to export burlap to the United States, although delays probably will result on account of the time required to procure the necessary permits.
The Calcutta market was reported weaker because of the restrictions that have been placed on exports.
London—Advices from Sydney state that the exports of wool from Australia and New Zealand from July, 1914, to June, 30, 1915, totaled 2,317,702 bales, or a decrease of 389,761 bales.
The total sales of wool in the colonial markets for the season amounted to 1,544,799 bales, against 1,938,500 last year, the average weight per bale being 329 pounds, against 327 pounds; the average value 12 pounds 16s 7d, or 9 1/2d per pound, compared with 13 pounds 4s 11d, or 9 1/2d per pound last year.
At the end of December, 1914, the number of sheep was 106,477,132, against 109,592,264 in December, 1913, and the estimated number of deaths since the former date is put at 10,000,000.
The Australian wool production for the coming season is expected to show a decrease between 100,000 and 500,000 bales.

Alaska 1914 Gold \$15,764,259.

Alaska produced gold in 1914 to the value of \$15,764,259 an increase of about \$140,000 over the previous year. In 1914 21,450,628 pounds of copper were produced in Alaska, compared with 21,659,958 pounds in 1913. The value of Alaska's total mineral production for 1914 was \$19,118,080; that of 1913 was \$19,476,356. This decrease was due to the low price of copper in 1913. It is estimated that up to the close of 1914 Alaska produced minerals to a total value of \$268,150,000, of which \$244,156,000 was gold.

OREGON STATE NEWS

All Convicts at Work.

Salem—For the first time in several years all state convicts but four or five physically incapacitated because of age, were put to work Wednesday by Harry P. Minto, superintendent. The population of the prison is 520, the largest in its history, and since the contract system was abolished it has been a problem to provide employment for the prisoners.

More than 200 men are employed pulling flax, and the others are at work building a concrete floor in the flax factory and at the prison rock quarry.

The six gangs outside the penitentiary enclosure were guarded, and Mr. Minto said there was little danger of any of the men escaping.

"Our men are doing good work," said the superintendent, "and they apparently enjoy working away from the prison. It will take about ten days more to complete pulling the flax, when employment will be provided in the prison preparing the flax for market."

Mr. Minto and John C. Cady, state flax expert, are superintending the harvesting of the flax, which is expected to yield the state a revenue at least commensurate with the cost of production. The plan of growing flax to provide employment for the convicts was originated by Governor Withycombe, the recent legislature making an appropriation to inaugurate the industry.

New Work Is Indicated.

Astoria—That the Dubois Lumber company is preparing to log a portion of its timber holdings soon is indicated by a mortgage given by it to H. B. Powell, trustee, of Clearfield, Pa., and filed for record here. The mortgage pledges 21,089.85 acres of timber land in Clatsop county and 3980.07 acres in Tillamook as security for \$1,000,000 in 6 per cent 25-year bonds.

The mortgage provides that the company shall have the right to begin cutting timber any time after July 1 this year, and the company is to pay the trustee \$1.50 a thousand for the timber cut up to 35,000,000 feet, and \$1 a thousand above that amount. No mention is made as to what the money borrowed is to be used for, but it is understood the amount is to be expended in constructing railroads and operating logging camps.

Brighton Mill Runs Full.

Brighton—The big mill at Brighton is running full time and with a complete crew of men. Logging operations along the Nehalem river have been active in several of the smaller camps in preparation for the resumption of work here and several hundred thousand feet of logs have been cut. Manager Thomas Watt has been to San Francisco to interest shipowners to take cargoes of lumber from Brighton and feels that his hope of water transportation for the product of the mill soon will be realized.

The work on the south jetty at the Nehalem river will be completed within six weeks and the water conditions are most favorable. In spite of the absence of freshets during the spring, which usually scour the bar to a considerable depth, the channel this year is deep enough to allow good-sized freight carriers to cross.

Coast Road Is Inspected.

Newport—A party consisting of George H. Cecil, district forester of the Northwest; Shirley Buck, Mrs. Buck and B. J. Finch, all of Portland, made the first auto trip around Cape Perpetua on a road constructed jointly by Lincoln and Lane counties and the Forestry service.
Mr. Cecil's trip was to inspect the road, and he found the work done satisfactorily. Lane county has not yet completed its share of the road, from Waldport, Alsea Bay, to Florence, on the Siuslaw.

When this road is completed there will be an auto stage through country noted for its grandeur and hunting and fishing resources, and also will connect the Columbia river with San Francisco Bay by a coast road.

Polk Oils Roads 50 Miles.

Monmouth—Fifty miles of Polk county highways have been oiled the past few days, according to J. W. Finn, county roadmaster. Approximately 80,000 gallons were used, the entire work costing \$2500. The County court, commercial clubs, towns and subscriptions have furnished the support necessary. Every road in Polk county is ready for tourist travel, and more cars have passed through here this season than at any previous time. For five years gravel has been placed on the roads in the winter months.

100 at Seavey Family Reunion.

Eugene—More than 100 members of the Seavey family, one of the oldest families in Lane county, assembled at the summer home of J. W. Seavey, on the McKenzie, Wednesday, for a family reunion. For the past four years it has been the custom of this family to hold an annual reunion. The celebration began with a picnic dinner served on the lawn under the big cedars.

Grants Pass Plans Pool.

Grants Pass—A public mass meeting was held recently at the Commercial Club rooms to decide upon the plans for the new municipal bath house. The bath house to be erected in Riverside Park on Rogue River.

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT BY THE DUBOIS MERRILL COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitcheoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress. He is ordered to Algiers but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond takes care of Pitcheoune, who, longing for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pitcheoune follows Sabron to Algiers, dog and master meet, and Sabron gets permission to keep his dog with him. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river and is watched over by Pitcheoune. After a horrible night and day Pitcheoune leaves him. Tremont takes Julia and the Marquise to Algiers in his yacht but has doubts about Julia's Red Cross mission. After long search Julia gets trace of Sabron's whereabouts. Julia for the moment makes Fatou Ann's understudy in Sabron's desperate plight. Sabron is rescued by the village men but grows weaker without proper care. Tremont goes into the desert with the caravan with Madame de la Maine, whom Tremont loves.

CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

At night as he lay in his bed in his tent, Tremont and Hammet Abou cooled his temples with water from the earthen bottles, where the sweet ooze stood out humid and refreshing on the damp clay. They gave him acid and cooling drinks, and now and then Sabron would smile on Tremont, calling him "petit frere," and Tremont heard the words with moisture in his eyes, remembering what he had said to the Marquise d'Esclignac about being Sabron's brother. Once or twice the soldier murmured a woman's name, but Tremont could not catch it, and once he said to the duke:

"Sing! Sing!"
The Frenchman obeyed docilely, humming in an agreeable barytone the snatches of song he could remember, "La Fille de Madame Angot," "Il Trovatore"; running then into more modern opera, "La Veuve Joyeuse." But the lines creased in Sabron's forehead indicated that the singer had not yet found the music which haunted the memory of the sick man.

"Sing!" he would repeat, fixing his hollow eyes on his companion, and Tremont complied faithfully. Finally, his own thoughts going back to early days, he hummed tunes that he and a certain little girl had sung at their games in the allees of an old chateau in the valley of the Indre.

"Sonnez les matines
Ding—din—don,"
and other children's melodies.
In those nights, on that desolate way, alone, in a traveling tent, at the side of a man he scarcely knew, Robert de Tremont learned serious lessons. He had been a soldier himself, but his life had been an inconsequent one. He had lived as he liked, behind him always the bitterness of an early deception. But he had been too young to break his heart at seventeen. He had lived through much since the day his father exiled him to Africa.

Theresa had become a dream, a memory around which he did not always let his thoughts linger. When he had seen her again after her husband's death and found her free, he was already absorbed in the worldly life of an ambitious young man. He had not known how much he loved her until in the Villa des Bougainvillies he had seen and contrasted her with Julia Redmond.

All the charm for him of the past returned, and he realized that, as money goes, he was poor—she was poorer.
The difficulties of the marriage made him all the more secure in his determination that nothing should separate him again from this woman.

By Sabron's bed he hummed his little insignificant tunes, and his heart longed for the woman. When once or twice on the return journey they had been threatened by the engulfing sand storm he could again clasp her in his arms.

"Sweet, tantalizing, exquisite with the passion of young love, there came to him the memories of the moonlight nights on the terrace of the old chateau. He saw her in the pretty girlish dresses of long ago, the melancholy droop of her quivering mouth, her bare young arms, and smelled the fragrance of her hair as he kissed her. So humming his soothing melodies to the sick man, with his voice softened by his memories, he soothed Sabron.

Sabron closed his eyes, the creases in his forehead disappeared as though brushed away by a tender hand. Perhaps the sleep was due to the fact that, unconsciously, Tremont slipped into humming a tune which Miss Redmond had sung in the Villa des Bougainvillies, and of whose English words De Tremont was quite ignorant.

On those silent days, and his blue eyes, where the very whites were burned, began to wear the far-away, mysterious look of the traveler across long distances. During the last sand storm he stood, with the camels, round Sabron's litter, a human shade and shield, and when the storm ceased he fell like one dead, and the Arabs pulled off his boots and put him to bed like a child.

One sundown, as they traveled into the afterglow with the East behind them, when Tremont thought he could not endure another day of the voyage, when the pallor and waxiness of Sabron's face were like death itself, Hammet Abou, who rode ahead, cried out and pulled up his camel short. He waved his arm.

"A caravan, monsieur."
In the distance they saw the tents, like lotus leaves, scattered on the pink sands, and the dark shadows of the Arabs and the couchant beasts, and the glow of the encampment fire.

"An encampment, monsieur!"
Tremont sighed. He drew the curtain of the litter and looked in upon Sabron, who was sleeping. His set features, the growth of his uncut beard, the long fringe of his eyes, his dark hair upon his forehead, his wan transparency—with the peace upon his face, he might have been a figure of Christ waiting for sepulture.

Tremont cried to him: "Sabron, mon vieux Charles, reveillez-toi! We are in sight of human beings!"

But Sabron gave no sign that he heard or cared.
Throughout the journey across the desert, Pitcheoune had ridden at his will and according to his taste, sometimes journeying for the entire day perched upon Tremont's camel. He sat like a little figurehead or a mascot, with ears pointed northward and his keen nose sniffing the desert air. Sometimes he would take the same position on one of the mules that carried Sabron's litter, at his master's feet. There he would lie hour after hour, with his soft eyes fixed with understanding sympathy upon Sabron's face.

He was, as he had been to Fatou Ann, a kind of fetish—the caravan adored him. Now from his position at Sabron's feet, he crawled up and licked his master's hand.

"Charles!" Tremont cried, and lifted the soldier's hand.
Sabron opened his eyes. He was sane. The glimmer of a smile touched his lips. He said Tremont's name, recognized him. "Are we home?" he asked weakly. "Is it France?"

Tremont turned and dashed away a tear.
He drew the curtains of the litter and now walked beside it, his legs feeling like cotton and his heart beating.

As they came up toward the encampment, two people rode out to meet them, two women in white riding habits, on stallions, and as the evening breeze fluttered the veils from their helmets, they seemed to be flags of welcome.

Under his helmet Tremont was red and burned. He had a short, rough growth of beard.
Theresa de la Maine and Julia Redmond rode up. Tremont recognized them, and came forward, half staggering. He looked at Julia and smiled, and pointed with his left hand toward the litter; but he went directly up to Madame de la Maine, who sat immovable on her little stallion. Tremont seemed to gather her in his arms. He lifted her down to him.

Julia Redmond's eyes were on the litter, whose curtains were stirring in the breeze. Hammet Abou, with a profound salaam, came forward to her. "Mademoiselle," he said, respectfully, "he lives. I have kept my word."
Pitcheoune sprang from the litter and ran over the sands to Julia Redmond. She dismounted from her horse alone and called him: "Pitcheoune! Pitcheoune!" Kneeling down on the desert, she stooped to caress him, and he crouched at her feet, licking her hands.

CHAPTER XXV.

As Handsome Does.

When Sabron next opened his eyes he fancied that he was at home in his old room in Rouen, in the house where he was born, in the little room in which, as a child, dressed in his dimity night gown, he had sat up in his bed by candle light to learn his letters from his cookery book.

The room was snowy white. Outside the window he heard a bird sing, and near by, he heard a dog's smooth, erred bark. Then he knew that he was not at home or a child, for with the languor and weakness came his memory. A quiet nurse in a hospital dress was sitting by his bed, and Pitcheoune rose from the foot of the bed and looked at him adoringly.

He was in a hospital in Algiers. "Pitcheoune," he murmured, not knowing the name of his other companion, "where are we, old fellow?"
The nurse replied in an agreeable Anglo-Saxon French:

"You are in a French hospital in Algiers, sir, and doing well."

Tremont came up to him.

"I remember you," Sabron said. "You have been near me a dozen times lately."

"You must not talk, mon vieux."
"But I feel as though I must talk a great deal. Didn't you come for me into the desert?"

Tremont, healthy, vigorous, tanned, gay and cheerful, seemed good looking to poor Sabron, who gazed up at him with touching gratitude.

"I think I remember everything, I think I shall never forget it," he said, and lifted his hand feebly. Robert de Tremont took it. "Haven't we traveled far together, Tremont?"

"Yes," nodded the other, affected, "but you must sleep now. We will talk about it over our cigars and liquors soon."

Sabron smiled faintly. His clear mind was regaining its balance, and thoughts began to sweep over it cruelly fast. He looked at his rescuer, and to him the other's radiance meant simply that he was engaged to Miss Redmond. Of course that was natural. Sabron tried to accept it and to be glad for the happiness of the man who had rescued him. But as he thought this, he wondered why he had been rescued and shut his eyes so that Tremont might not see his weakness. He said hesitatingly:

"I am haunted by a melody, a tune. Could you help me? It won't come."

"It's not the 'Marseillaise'" asked the other, sitting down by his side and pulling Pitcheoune's ears.

"Oh, no!"
"There will be singing in the ward shortly. A Red Cross nurse comes to sing to the patients. She may help you to remember."

Sabron renounced in despair. Haunting, tantalizing in his brain and illusive, the notes began and stopped, began and stopped. He wanted to ask his friend a thousand questions. How he had come to him, why he had come to him, how he knew. . . . He gave it all up and dozed, and while he slept the sweet sleep of those who are to recover, he heard the sound of a woman's voice in the distance, singing, one after another, familiar melodies, and finally he heard the "Kyrie Eleison," and to its music Sabron again fell asleep.

The next day he received a visitor. It was not an easy matter to introduce visitors to his bedside, for Pitcheoune objected. Pitcheoune received the Marquise d'Esclignac with great displeasure.

"Is he a thoroughbred?" asked the Marquise d'Esclignac.

"He has behaved like one," replied the officer.

There was a silence. The Marquise d'Esclignac was wondering what her niece saw in the pale man so near still to the borders of the other world.

"You will be leaving the army, of course," she murmured, looking at him interestedly.

"Madame!" said the Capitaine de Sabron, with his blood—all that was in him—rising to his cheeks.

"I mean that France has done nothing for you. France did not rescue you and you may feel like seeking a more—another career."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

St. Bride of Ireland.

St. Bride, the patroness of Ireland and of Fleet street, whose feast falls in February, was the beautiful daughter of a bard who became the religious disciple of St. Patrick and abbot of Kildare. The story of St. Bride, or Bridget, bred the Celtic imagination, and in Ireland about twenty parishes bear the name of Kildare. The spire of her church in Fleet street has been twice struck by lightning and much reduced from the original height, but is still one of the tallest steeples in London. It is supposed to have been designed by Wren's young daughter.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Have a Good Bed.

In Farm and Fireside a contributor, writing a practical article about mattresses and other provisions for beds, makes the following general comment:

"In furnishing a home the housewife should give most careful thought to the beds and their equipment. We spend at least a third of our lives in bed, and it is worth while to make that third pleasant and refreshing. The best mattresses and springs are none too good when one is storing up strength for some work. Besides, as is the case with most household purchases, the best are really the cheapest in the end."



Threatened by the Engulfing Sand-storm.